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Dr. Dwight,
336 S. Fifteenth Street.

Philadelphia, May 29 1886

Rev. Mr. J. Hopes, Librarian of the Andover Theol. Sem'y Library.

Permit me to call your special attention to an octavo volume of 76 pages, bound in cloth, entitled "The Life and Character of Edwin Gilliam Booth," prominent as a lawyer, legislator, and philanthropist, late of Philadelphia, which you will receive by due course of mail.

Please acknowledge its receipt as soon as it may be practicable for you to write, in a letter by mail.

With sincere respect and esteem,

Yours truly,

Henry E. Dwight.

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Edwin G. Booth.

THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

EDWIN GILLIAM BOOTH,

A PROMINENT

LAWYER, LEGISLATOR, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY E. DWIGHT, M.D., D.D.

"Integer Vitæ et tenax propositi."—HORACE.

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PREFACE.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY has said that "memoirs are like analogies, and serve as pontoons" to the reader. They are bridges over which we walk to thoughts, ideas, and discoveries high above the point of starting. They are mirrors, in which a man beholdeth his natural face in a glass, and thereby learns to pass from the world which now is to that which is to come. Thus we learn to hear the music of gentle and pious minds in all ages, and to use them as a glass by which we receive more light, in a wider field of vision, from the word of God.

The nearer that the subject of this memoir was approached, and the more that was seen of him in the retired and most familiar scenes of life, the deeper was the love and esteem which he awakened, the more minute, exact, and faithful in all respects the narrative of his life may be given. Such a narrative will only excite the more affectionate admiration in that wide circle of friends and relatives where he moved like a star, full of life and splendor and joy.

That the history of such a life might prove satisfactory to those for whom it was prepared, careful researches were necessary, original documents must first be found, then transcribed, and much matter produced which had never before seen the light on a printed page. Whether the author has been successful or not in his attempt to

do justice to the life and character of his friend, he must leave others to judge.

It should be borne in mind, that to condense and select out of an immense mass of detail that which is really necessary to give a vivid picture of any life or character, is often far more difficult than to give a minute narrative of details. Among the side lights thus thrown upon the picture, are the facts connected with the early history of Virgina, the character of his maternal ancestors, the institutions at which he was fitted for life, and the era of his services as a legislator and reviser of the code of his native State. Points so important should not be passed over as matters of uncertainty, and therefore liable to confuse the reader. References to authorities have been given at the outset, to stimulate original research; but the author has been sparing of them, because the majority of his readers are unable to consult them with advantage. The more important works have been carefully studied, that opinions previously formed might be confirmed. From causes beyond his control he has been forced to curtail the history of eventful periods in a life which might instruct and interest others, since nothing in such a career which enlightens the mind and elevates the feelings is opposed to the objects for which the work has been undertaken.

In conclusion the author ventures to express the hope that this historical sketch may not only prove a source of comfort and consolation to those for whom it was designed, but to the intelligent reader everywhere.

H. E. D.

THE MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.*

Value of Useful Lives.—Edward Gilliam Booth.—Origin.—Ancestry.—The James River Estates.—William Henry Harrison and George Washington.—The "Sage of Monticello."—Primogeniture and Disestablishment.—Three Worthies—Wesley, Whitefield, and Edwards.—Religious Training.—Edwin at Winfield Academy.—Rev. Dr. Theodorick Pryor.—His long and useful Ministry.—Membership and Eldership in the Shiloh Church.—At Oxford Academy.—The University of North Carolina.—Edwin's Instructors.—The "Misfortune of a Fortune."—Praiseworthy Character as a Student.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT complained at St. Helena that all his mighty deeds in a few ages would be honored with only a few sentences in history. But in the Millennium those histories of life and character will be most read which portray the career of useful men. It is the duty of every age to perpetuate their memories.

In the year 1810 (January 11), Edwin Gilliam Booth was born at Shenstone, Nottoway County, Virginia. He was the son of Gilliam and Rebecca Booth, *née* Hicks, and his English ancestry for more than two centuries occupied "plantations" or "seats" in the southeastern counties of the Dominion. His maternal grandfather, Colonel Hicks, was one of the prominent officers of the Revolution, and rendered valuable services in those thrilling campaigns of Marion and Sumter in Virginia

* The reader of the following pages who may be interested in the bibliography of the subject, is referred to the following authorities as illustrating and enforcing the views expressed therein:

The MSS. and letters of the deceased; the Booth Family Bible; Report of the Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia Air-Line Railroad. New York, 1883; Reports of the State Agricultural Society, from organization till 1886; Reports of the Virginia Legislature, 1847 to 1860; Virginia Politics in Wise's Biography *vide* Force's Tracts, volumes i., ii., iii.; Jamestown Jubilee (Report), 1881; Report of Constitutional Convention, 1775; Virginia Code, Richmond, 1849; Views of Constitution, Richmond, 1850; General Convention, State of Virginia. Report, 1850; Journal House of Deputies, 1851 to 1856; Norfolk and the Interior, Norfolk, 1852; Convention for Internal Improvement, White Sulphur Springs, 1852; New Constitution by the Reform Convention of 1850-51, and the Amendments by Convention of 1860-61; Arthur's and Howison's History of Virginia; Davis's First Settlers of Virginia; Doyle's English Colonies in America; New Virginia, 1870 to 1880.

and the adjacent States. Their tombstones still remain on property owned by W. Booth Taliaferro. Virginia is proud of being the mother of Presidents. Within a short distance, at Berkeley, on James River, adjoining Westover, on one of those magnificent estates, was the birthplace of General William Henry Harrison; and not far away, on the banks of the Rappahannock, there came into the world a boy whose name was to fill a larger place in history than any of the Stuarts, Hanoverians, or the great Tudor herself, after whom Virginia was called; that boy was George Washington.

But primogeniture and the established church were abolished more than a century since in Virginia by another President of the United States—the "Sage of Monticello"—and his friends. Prior to that revolution in the State, a traveller was returning from the more southern colony of Georgia to England. He was soon to set in motion the greatest moral revolution which the world has seen since the Christian era; to establish the greatest schism since Luther, from a church of which he never ceased to be a loyal member; to organize the strongest priestly order since Loyola, while disavowing authority to confer any orders in the church. That man was John Wesley, and while waiting for a passage to Bristol, preached Methodism to the people of the adjacent region. As Wesley landed at Bristol, in England, George Whitefield, no less famous, but a very different apostle, was leaving its harbor for America, to lead the great religious reaction, already begun under Jonathan Edwards the Elder, from New England to Georgia.

The labors of Whitefield and Wesley made an impression in the counties of southeastern Virginia. The grandparents of Mr. Booth, and subsequently his pa-

rents, became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In describing the doctrines and policy of that church, Mr. Booth thus writes: "The Methodist Episcopal Church, the church of my father and my mother, has landed many thousands and can land as many more, from these low grounds of bickering and contention about the trifles and baubles of this world, on those celestial plains where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

At the age of ten, young Edwin was sent to the Winfield Academy, in the county of Dinwiddie, Virginia, thus named after Major-General Winfield Scott, U. S. A. His preceptor while there was Daniel G. Hatch, of Harvard College. While at that academy he formed the acquaintance of a youth five years his senior, which ripened into a life-long friendship, and which exercised an important influence over his subsequent career. That youth was Rev. Dr. Theodorick Pryor, of the Shiloh Church, Nottoway, who has been one of the most laborious, influential, and successful ministers in southeastern Virginia for half a century. In 1826 he graduated at Hampden Sidney College with the highest honor. After studying law at the University of Virginia, he practised for two years; but left the profession for the study of theology at Union Seminary, Virginia, and Princeton, New Jersey, and was licensed to preach in 1832. In November he was called as pastor to the Nottoway Church, and served without cessation in that office until 1853, when he was invited to the Third Presbyterian Church, in Baltimore. He remained there one year, and then accepted a call to the Second Church, in Petersburg, Virginia, where he continued pastor till 1863. During his pastorate the fine edifice on Wash-

ington Street, Petersburg, was erected, the roll of communicants doubled, and the congregation trebled.

In the fall of 1867 he accepted a second call to his first church at Nottoway, where he still remains, at the age of eighty, having built two new churches, one purchased and repaired, and another erected in that county. Such fruit in old age is marvellous indeed. Over six hundred persons were admitted under his ministry to the Nottoway Church. Among the earlier fruits of his labors was the subject of this memoir, who joined that church about half a century since on profession of his faith in Christ, and soon after was elected ruling elder of the same church. He retained his membership and eldership in that church until his death. In describing the friend of his boyhood, and the pastor of his riper years, Mr. Booth was accustomed to say,—"Dr. Pryor, during his long and laborious ministry, has preached the Calvinism of the Cross with unswerving fidelity, at the rate of three or four sermons a week, and in five churches at least in Virginia during his lifetime. Though he is sometimes weary *in*, he never wearies *of* the service of his Lord and Master."

Edwin's chief preparation for college was at Oxford, North Carolina, where, after a studious course in the classics and mathematics, he was matriculated in the university at Chapel Hill in 1824, at the early age of fourteen. Perhaps no institution in the Southern Atlantic States has stood higher than this honored university, which is now nearly one hundred years old. While a student, young Booth enjoyed the instruction of such eminent men as Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, a graduate of Princeton, for forty years its president and professor; Dr. E. Mitchell, for forty years professor of

chemistry, geology, and mineralogy, and Dr. Dennison Olmsted. Both of these gentlemen were graduates of Yale, and the latter was subsequently professor of natural philosophy for a quarter of a century in that university. Both have rendered signal service to the cause of science, Dr. Olmsted especially in astronomy.

Although surrounded with eminent men as his fellow-students, and with such able instructors in the various chairs of the university, his extreme youth, and consequent inability to appreciate these advantages, interfered with the proper use of his time in the acquisition of mental discipline. While his college course influenced his character and suggested his friendships through subsequent life, he was wont to say that his failure to achieve high college honors was due "to the misfortune of a *fortune* sufficient to prevent the exertion and application essential to the greatest success." His college friends recall "his deference to his superiors in age or learning, his diffidence, amounting almost to bashfulness,—owing to his extreme youth,—and his warmth of affection, which rendered him the fast friend of his classmates who needed assistance." Such a character is praiseworthy in a youth of fourteen. Subsequent embarrassments, brought on by the commercial speculations of an only brother, compelled him to make the necessary exertions for success in professional life—"*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

CHAPTER II.

The Law-School of Judge Lomax.—Mr. Booth's Zeal as a Law-Student.—His Success.—Adverse Fortune.—Administrator *de bonis non*.—Active Legal Practice.—Its effect on his Character.—Retrieves his Losses.—Aids his Brother's Family.—His Studies in Oratory.—Reads Aristotle, Plato, Cicero.—Moot-Courts.—Historical Studies.—International Law and National Codes.—Revision of the Laws of Virginia.—His Fitness for the Work.—First Marriage.—Rev. Dr. Pryor's Letter.—Profession of his Religious Faith.—Liberality of his Views.—Friend of Revivals.—His three Text-Books in Theology.—Remarkable Growth of the Nottoway Church.—His Severe Afflictions.—Source of his Consolation.—Revival of 1838.—Effect on the Race-Course.—What became of the Veterans of the Turf.

FIFTY years since there was a law school in full operation at Fredericksburg, Virginia, under the personal supervision of Judge John Taylor Lomax, professor in the University of Virginia and judge of the Court of Appeals, which bore the same relation to southeastern Virginia that the celebrated school at Litchfield, under Judge Gould, sustained to Connecticut.

Among the students who were then prominent in that school was Edwin Gilliam Booth, whose diligence in the acquisition of legal knowledge was in direct contrast to his indifference to success at the university. His legal studies perfected his nature and were perfected by his experience. His natural abilities needed pruning by study, while his acquisitions were bounded by his observation. He read law, not to contradict and confute, not even to take for granted, but to weigh and consider that it might be inwardly digested. His previous acquisitions, especially in the Latin language and literature, fitted him to understand the nice logical distinctions necessary to

his professional studies. He was fluent in speech, for he had improved his powers in debate at Chapel Hill, and his simplicity of character was well known among men. He was the only one of the class graduating that year in the law school at Fredericksburg who received the signature of Judge Lomax to his law license.

This act of his preceptor was designed as a special compliment for his diligence in legal studies, and was appreciated by his friends. He was now ready to return to Nottoway—his academic, collegiate, and professional studies finished—to commence the real work of life. His naturally ardent temperament led him to entertain hopeful views of a lawyer's career. Amid the strifes of the forum and the debates of the legislature he needed an incentive to exertion. It soon came, but in a form least of all expected. Through the speculations of an only brother, previously mentioned, whose paper he largely endorsed, he was obliged to surrender every dollar of his property to Judge Thomas S. Gholson, by whom he was appointed administrator on his own estate, that is, the residue of it; or, as he facetiously remarked,—"Administrator *de bonis non* of his own property."

To secure a livelihood and retrieve his fortunes, he entered most vigorously upon the practice of law in the five southeastern counties of Virginia. As the clerk at Nottoway court-house expressed it,—"Mr. Booth's practice is equal to that of all the lawyers at this (Nottoway) bar put together." He was well known in Petersburg, so that the business of a large number of firms and the executorship of many estates in that section came within his reach. His tall form might be daily seen, on a single-seated gig, starting at an early morning hour to meet his appointments at Petersburg or some one of the county

courts in its vicinity. By this variety in civil cases, he not only secured respectable acquisitions in his knowledge of the law and its practice, but that coolness and imperturbable self-control so necessary to an active lawyer in conducting the cause of his client at court. He learned both the philosophy of the law and the expediency of its practice, as the cases daily came before his view throughout that region.

Quickened by a sense of the responsibilities he had assumed, he retrieved his losses from his brother's speculations, and was able to maintain the children of that brother. He made everything subservient to his preparation for the pleading of cases. Since the days of Patrick Henry, eloquence has had great power in the courts and legislation of Virginia. He read Aristotle and Plato, as the great masters of thought and reasoning. He devoted much time to oratory. He studied everything he could obtain on the principles of the art, and heard the best orators in Virginia and at Washington as the means of improving his style. Cicero was his favorite author, and, as he declared in after life, there was not one of his orations which he had not translated. He appeared at moot-courts, to aid his power in extemporaneous debate and for the discussion of abstruse legal points. For these discussions he prepared himself with copiousness and accuracy. He found time to pursue historical studies, for he was conscious of his inferiority in this department of his education. He naturally became acquainted, through such researches, with international law and with the codes of civilized nations, both ancient and modern. This led to his subsequent selection by the Virginia Legislature, in 1849, in company with such eminent jurists as Judge Moncure and Conway Robin-

son, Esq., for the codification of its laws. He cultivated the society of the best lawyers, and enjoyed their personal intercourse on state and national occasions. He had profoundly studied our mixed constitutional forms of government, and always had something of importance to communicate to them. He had a sincere desire to be of service to his country, and he was animated by a noble aspiration after honorable fame.

In the autumn of 1833 he married Miss Sally Tanner Jones, of Nottoway, and began legal practice about the same year that Rev. Dr. Pryor was ordained and installed pastor of the Nottoway Presbyterian Church.

The following interesting letter from his aged and honored pastor admirably describes his relations as a friend, church member, ruling elder, and consistent Christian through life:

"NOTTOWAY C. H., VA., March 31, 1886.

"DR. HENRY E. DWIGHT:

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with a request from Dr. E. G. Booth, I forward a communication in reference to his father.

"The late Mr. E. G. Booth was descended by both parents from the most respectable families in this community. So far as my knowledge or belief extends, no charge affecting his character as a gentleman or Christian was ever alleged against him. It was my privilege and pleasure to enjoy his friendship and confidence through nearly the whole period of his life. It is a source of delightful gratification that there was never the slightest ripple of unpleasantness between us. The last time I saw Mr. B. was the day that I preached the funeral sermon of his lovely daughter, Fannie. In taking leave

of me, he remarked, with great earnestness,—'We may never meet again in this world; I do not know it is important that we should.' Little did I think those solemn words would be so soon fulfilled. From my knowledge of Mr. B. through the whole course of his Christian life, it does not surprise me to hear that he died a peaceful and triumphant death. May the Lord sanctify the life and death of that '*good* man and *just*' to the church of which he was so long a distinguished member. Very truly and sincerly yours in Christian affection,

"THEODORICK PRYOR."

He took a deep interest in the labors of his old classmate at the Winfield Academy, and dates his hopeful conversion to God in the earlier years of Dr. Pryor's ministry. On August 30, 1838, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. Not long after he was made ruling elder in the Nottoway Church, and often attended Presbytery and Synod. His Presbyterianism was like that of his pastor, but modified by the memories of his childhood and the Methodism of his parents. "I have stated that my parents were Methodists. I might add that, when sent to boarding-school, my almost second parents were Methodists,—Stith Thompson and his sainted wife, *née* Warwick. The gates of Heaven never flew wider, nor did its arches ever reverberate sweeter music, than on their entrance into that blissful abode." He was a firm believer in revivals of religion, and loved to recount the wonders of God's grace which he had witnessed in Virginia. He could not bear the icy coldness of many professors, or the still colder theories which dominate their theology and produce their formalism.

He believed in the right of private judgment in religion and in politics. He read his Bible daily, and the works of President Edwards, of Princeton, and President Dwight, of Yale. He admired the reasoning of the former in his essay on the "Freedom of the Human Will," and the "Theological system of the latter explained and defended in a series of sermons." Such a Presbyterian must at some time become an intelligent Christian, rooted and grounded in the faith, and ready for action. No wonder that with the Divine blessing, under such a pastor and elder, the brick church at Nottoway increased fourfold.

His first wife died before the late civil war. From this marriage there were five children, viz., Dr. Edwin G. Booth, of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, a graduate in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, well known in Virginia, and the only survivor; his son, Archer Jones Booth, killed in the Shenandoah Valley during the civil war; his youngest child, William Travis, died early in the war; his youngest daughter, Sarah Tanner, died shortly after the war; and his daughter, Fannie R., died in Richmond, Virginia, June 7, 1885. It is believed that Mr. Booth never recovered from the shock occasioned by these successive and severe bereavements, whereby all his children except his eldest son were taken from his side. How often he quoted these lines for his own comfort and consolation,—

"Again the Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
Trust simply on my word, He said,
And leave the rest to me."

There was the hiding of his power, there his strong

tower and deliverer! Some readers may be inclined to regard his experience as mere enthusiasm or fanaticism. Such a solution will not answer. Mr. Booth was too intelligent, too rational to be led away by religious delusions. Reasoning, as he himself was wont to do, from the effect to its adequate causes, we can only assign one, —the truth made effectual through the Holy Spirit. He had consecrated himself to Christ, and he was not ashamed of the Cross of Christ. In his public and private duties, as a citizen, a lawyer, a legislator, a father of a family, he was swayed by the spirit and principles of his Lord and Master. These comforted, controlled, and consoled him when everything else failed. In alluding to this change in his own soul, he writes: "The revival to which I especially refer certainly included the 30th of August, 1838, and many months preceding that date. It embraced nearly every prominent politician and citizen in the whole county. There was a famous race-track in that region, where the veterans of the turf, William R. Johnson and others, delighted to congregate and test the speed of the Virginia race-horses of the best blood in the spring or fall. When the races came on that fall (1838), the president and both vice-presidents of the Jockey Club had become members of the Presbyterian Church. The proprietor failed, the whole place was sold and bought by a member of the Presbyterian Church. Such were the fruits. I never knew one of the subjects of that revival to abandon the faith and profession he then assumed."

CHAPTER III.

A Member of the Virginia Legislature.—The Prime of Life.—The "House of Burgesses."—Some of its Founders.—The Greater Lights.—Peyton Randolph.—Richard H. Lee.—Patrick Henry.—The True Patriots—Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, George Washington.—The Fighting Generals—Morgan, Mercer, Clark.—Glorious Memories.—Effect on Mr. Booth.—1847 to 1851—a Critical Period.—Able Lawyers in Demand.—The Virginia Constitution of 1876 compared with that of 1852.—Improvement in Legislation.—Fundamental Truths Established.—Immense Labors of the Revisers.—Mr. Booth's Energy and Zeal in Revision.—His Training as a Politician in the Whig Party.—Urged to become a Candidate for Congress.—His Desire for Internal Improvements.—Obtains the Charter for the South Side Railroad.—Importance of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.—Its Success.—His Account of this Great Artery and its Completion.—His Zeal for Agriculture.—Speech at the State Fair.—Need of Education.—Farmers make Good Statesmen.—The People Anxious to make him Governor.—Urged to become a Candidate.—Leading Papers advocate his Candidacy.—Politics need not Interfere with the Welfare of Man or the Glory of God.—The Best Statesmen are the Most Intelligent Men.—The Importance of Well-Endowed Universities.—Speech at Independence Hall.—His Efforts to Promote the Endowment of Washington and Lee University.—His Eminent Associates in the Movement.—Their Signal Success.

In the year 1847, Mr. Booth was elected from the Nottoway District (Amelia and Nottoway Counties) to serve in the Virginia Legislature for the sessions of 1848 and 1849. He had been for fifteen years steadily engaged in a large and lucrative practice, and had appeared in all the State courts as a barrister, and as a counsellor in the Supreme Court of the United States of no ordinary merit. In the prime of manhood,—thirty-seven to forty years of age,—he was regarded by the best men in the State as a man of character, standing in society, and fitness for the position which he was now called to fill.

We must not forget the history of the Virginia House of Burgesses, as ready to raise the voice of eloquence as to shed the blood of self-sacrifice in the sacred cause of a nation's liberty. The aggressions of Great Britain were ever met in the American Revolution with firm and dignified remonstrance. The love of liberty was stronger than the bonds of custom, prejudice, or even the ties of blood. The passage of the Stamp Act fanned the fires of genius and high-souled patriotism. Among its members in 1765 was the attorney-general, Peyton Randolph, with his varied learning and profound judgment; Richard Henry Lee, imbued with classic lore and endowed with every grace of mind and person; the accomplished Pendleton, the courteous Bland, Mr. Booth's relative, the fearless Wythe, and Patrick Henry, dignified and self-controlled, moving by his own splendid genius even the master minds of that assemblage, as he introduced into the House a series of resolutions in terms so firm and energetic that he carried his point notwithstanding the opposition with which he had to contend. In 1775, ten years later, in the venerable church which crowns one of the imperial hills on which Richmond is built, another assemblage of patriots met to hear the clarion voice of Patrick Henry for the last time, as he roused his countrymen to appeal to arms and to the God of battles. Soon the red flash of artillery and the roar of the iron shot announced that the Revolution had begun.

Throughout the contest Virginia was active in the council chamber and on the field. Patrick Henry set the ball in motion, and drove it forward by his eloquence. Thomas Jefferson had written the charter around which every State rallied. Richard Henry Lee supported independence in the hour of danger. Randolph, Pendle-

ton, Mason, Wythe, Carr, Harrison, all encouraged the spirit of freedom. To the field, Virginia sent forth from her bosom George Washington to lead the armies of America in triumph. Morgan left his home in the Shenandoah to lead a forlorn hope at Quebec, to drive the enemy before him at Saratoga, and to overwhelm Tarleton at the Cowpens. Mercer fought and bled at Princeton. Stevens gathered laurels at Guilford. Clarke penetrated the wilderness and conquered a new empire for his country. Amid such memories Mr. Booth took his seat in the House, surrounded by the sons of those who had achieved such victories. Not only political but religious freedom had been secured. Disestablishment was sure through the passage of that celebrated act written by Mr. Jefferson, whose principles lie at the very foundation of our dearest rights, essential to the true prosperity both of church and state.

The period from 1847 to 1851 was a critical period in the history of the Legislature of Virginia. Mr. Booth was prevailed upon to represent his native county in the House, in view of the revision of the laws of the State, which excited a large measure of public attention. Such gentlemen as the Hon. Richard C. L. Moncure, the attorney-general of the State, resigned his position and entered the House as delegate from Stafford for a similar reason. With the same intent Conway Robinson, Esq., one of the ablest railway lawyers in the country, Burr, Harrison, John M. Patton, Robert E. Scott, Whittle, and Smith, of the House, and Messrs. Thompson, Witcher, Sloan, Kinney, and Ambler, of the Senate, representatives of the best legal talent of the State, all took part in the revision and codification of the civil laws of Virginia.

The gravity of the situation is properly realized when

we think that the organic law of the State was to be set aside; the Constitution of 1776, adopted five days *before* the Declaration of Independence, with such sponsors as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Peyton Randolph, and George Mason, was to be overthrown, and a new constitution, with a new civil and criminal code of laws, to be framed, discussed, and finally passed by both Houses. Think of the time required, nearly five years, before the work was completed.

The Constitution of 1776 was a great advance on those of Great Britain and the continent. It recognized the principle that a limit should be set upon all the powers of human government; that absolute power, wherever lodged,—in a monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy,—is despotism in disguise. Hence it followed that there are certain personal rights, sacred rights of the individual, which cannot be intrusted to government.

But the Constitution of 1852 proclaims the authority of the people as a fact, not as an abstraction. It confers the right of suffrage upon all citizens who are in a condition to exercise an independent judgment and express their free choice, while all magistrates—legislative, executive, and judicial—are eligible by those among whom they administer their functions. Such a constitution, and the laws necessary for its proper administration, required the most careful consideration and the greatest wisdom in their enactment. No wonder that the people called the best men in the State to their councils.

The labor performed was continuous and exacting. The conferences were numerous, and the amendments equally so. Mr. Booth bent his whole energies and gave all his legal experience and learning to this work. In the committee and in the House of Delegates he took a

leading part in the discussion of the bills which were reported. These labors on his part, as evinced by his MSS. notes, are indicative of a clear understanding of the points at issue. Expressed in apt language, they lay down sound principles of law. His labors, with those of his colleagues, received the sanction and approbation of the legal profession throughout the State, the almost unanimous vote of both Houses of the legislature, the executive sanction, and the favor of the people.

Mr. Booth breathed the same air with the founders of our Republic, and learned in childhood to revere the memories of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. He listened with delight to Clay, Webster, Benton, and McDuffie. In such society he learned all that was patriotic in the Federalists, or enlivening and ennobling in their lineal successors, the Whigs of the first half of the nineteenth century. He was a Whig by nature, by education, and in party politics, and in what political school could better men be found than among the Whigs and Federalists of the first century of our national history? So highly was his work in the legislature appreciated by his constituents, that during the next decade (1850–60) he was urged at three several elections to be a candidate for Congress, but declined. He felt that he could be more useful in other forms. He foresaw that around the Chesapeake the land would come into garden tillage, as there were over twenty-eight million acres of unimproved land in the State, and that the Northern cities could easily be supplied with fruit and vegetables from Virginia, if there could be *internal improvements.*

He was trained in the same school with the Father of his Country,—and George Washington, planter, of Virginia, was the father of our American system of internal

improvements. Washington's canal of seven miles round the falls at Richmond adds two hundred and twenty miles to the barge navigation of the river, and makes a water highway to the mountains.

Edwin G. Booth, while in the legislature at Richmond, carried through the charter and was a leading director of the South Side Railroad, an important integer of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, connecting Norfolk with Bristol, Tennessee, *via* Lynchburg. This was also a branch of the Atlantic, Ohio, and Mississippi Railway, one of the principal arteries of communication between the Atlantic coast and the great West.

He thus describes his own motives in projecting this important internal improvement in Virginia. "I believe it was in May that a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen left Philadelphia, by invitation of the railroad authorities of Virginia, on an excursion through that State. It so happened that a majority of those for whose investments this compliment was designed, voted with the Republican party. They were met at the State line by special cars, freighted with choicest viands, carried through the State with a magnificent hospitality, and not a cent asked for any accommodations. *The poor reaped the whole pecuniary harvest.* We entered Virginia at the Potomac River and passed through to Bristol, Tennessee, including the Norfolk and Western Railroad. The Philadelphia investments have been more than tens of millions in that region, if accessible calculations are correct."

The same public spirit led him to take a deep interest in the State Agricultural Society. He always went to the State Fair, and was a leading member of its Executive Committee. In an address to the cultivators of the

soil, at one of the annual State fairs, he said,—"As we near the horizon at evening, which conceals the landscape of the earth beyond us from view, how glorious is the full-orbed splendor of the king of day! Thus cheering are the bright beams of an illustrious example of patient continuance in well doing to those who seek for glory, honor, and immortality! Though the real treasures of earth may have been 'expressed ahead' to the land of pure delight, the prospective is not marred, while the retrospect often converts princes into beggars, and their palaces into poor-houses. What is labor and who are the laborers? Are not lawyers, trimming the midnight lamp, physicians, ministering to the afflicted, ministers, dispensing the bread of life, all laborers? Farmers make your own application to the cultivation of the earth. Without it none of the others could live at all. The rich labor for an appetite, the poor to satisfy one. It is labor properly applied and directed which maintains both.

"For this we need education in agriculture, the education of every child in every county throughout the State. Every city and every town is burdened for want of it; burdened with debt and taxation, and sometimes with sorrow and shame. Think of it: in the export of peanuts, an unknown crop before the war, Virginia has raised nearly one million dollars annually. In the fires of civil war we have sacrificed two thousand million dollars and eight hundred thousand lives, for want of such education as I plead for. Intelligent farmers easily find a solution of such problems as civil service reform, silver coinage, paper currency, free trade, protective tariff, freedom of the ballot, prohibition or license, the Chinese, the Indians, the Mormons, and other issues sure to arise."

No wonder that a man who could utter such sentiments was so popular with his constituents that they were in earnest to make him Governor of Virginia. He was met by bands of music and had to make speeches from the platforms of cars. They regularly prepared stands, and all this from his desire for peace and union between the different States, and their improvement in agriculture and education.

Mr. Booth's devotion to politics did not prevent his activity for the welfare of man and the glory of God. Because he was a Virginia statesman he did not forget that he had been a scholar. He always cherished the memory of his Alma Mater, and claimed, with good reason, that men made wise by learning were free from slavish deference to foreigners in matters of government. He asserted with earnestness that Jefferson had the best private library in Virginia, else he never could have written the Declaration of Independence or founded the University of Virginia. He showed, from the history of our government, that the Constitution was principally formed by men of high education and scholarly attainments, and that the state papers in the *Federalist* were written not only by men of genius but of laborious acquisitions, the result of extensive reading and diligent research.

In his speech at Independence Hall, October 10, 1876, in behalf of the better endowment of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia,—an effort made by patriotic citizens throughout the country to restore the feelings of harmony and love which once prevailed, and to make them perpetual,—Mr. Booth said,—"The English rebellion of 1649 and our American Revolution are strikingly distinguished from other insurrec-

tions among us, and particularly from the French Revolution.

"The English and American statesmen of those two periods contended for truths, the French atheists and philosophers for interests; the former learned their duties, the latter their rights; the one was inspired by principle, the other by passion. Hence high statesmanship and pure patriotism are the fruit of a generous culture in the knowledge of history and political philosophy, if we are to have safe guides for this nation on the highway of advancing civilization." He was pleading for the re-establishment of an ancient university in his native State, devastated by war. He spoke from the experience and observation of a long life, during which he had witnessed the election or succession of seventeen Presidents, the impeachment of one, the assassination of two, a civil war, and the return of peace.

In these views he was supported by the special efforts and approval of such eminent jurists as Chief-Justice Waite and Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court; and such statesmen as Hons. Robert C. Winthrop, William M. Evarts, George F. Hoar and Charles Francis Adams. Their wisdom has been confirmed by the magnificent result of these efforts in the collection of over seven hundred thousand dollars for the funds of the Washington and Lee University.

CHAPTER IV.

The Events of 1861.—Opening Year of the Civil War.—The Abolition of Slavery not then deemed Expedient.—Views of the Leaders—Messrs. Bell, of Tennessee; Everett, of Massachusetts; Crittenden, of Kentucky. —Efforts of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio.—The Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln. —His Friend Robert E. Scott.—The Hampton Roads Conference.—Proclamation of Emancipation.—Mr. Booth's Zeal to Alleviate the Miseries of Military Prisons.—His Success.—The Horrors of War in Southeastern Virginia —An Entire Year in the Midst of the Conflict.—Resolves to Leave the Confederacy.—His Position as a Non-Combatant.—Secures the Confidence of both Presidents.—Begins his Journey in April, 1863.— Thirty Days from "Shenstone," Nottoway County, to Philadelphia *via* Bermuda, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Boston, and Washington.—His Own Account of Blockade Running.—He attributes his Marvellous Escapes to the Hand of God.—The Simplicity of his Faith.—Moody and Sankey Revival of 1875-76.—Mr. Booth's Activity.—The Centennial.—"Old Virginia" House.—Tribute to its Host.—Urged for Governor of Virginia.—Friends of his Childhood, Manhood, and Riper Years.—The Clifton Houses at Richmond.—His Philanthropy based on his Faith in God.

In the eventful year 1861, the first of the civil war in the United States, Mr. Booth was fifty-one years old. As a Whig he supported Messrs. Bell and Everett, and like most of his cotemporaries did not then believe that the abolition of slavery was the *sine qua non* of any adjustment. Like Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, he saw that "secession meant emancipation by blood."

Well-known facts favored such views. The plans for adjustment by the Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, in January preceding the war, did not imply abolition. Mr. Lincoln, in the formation of his Cabinet, was in conference, it was said, with such men as the Hon. Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, and with no such condition for reconciliation as abolition. Mr. Booth knew that a

Cabinet appointment had been offered to his friend and associate in legislation and revision, Robert E. Scott, Esq., through the agency of Hon. William Seward. "I did not hesitate," he writes, "to advise and urge his acceptance, but too late to retract his previous action." The Hampton Roads Conference revived the hopes of the peace-makers in Virginia, who were composed mainly of the Whigs, only to be dashed into hopeless annihilation by the destructive slavery element. The proclamation of emancipation rendered slavery a broken limb, and its amputation most desirable to the body politic.

The war came and Virginia was destined to be the battle-ground for both armies. Within easy distance of his native hearth, where his children were gathered at even-tide, his wife sleeping beneath the sods of the valley, and two sons on the tented field, were the battle-grounds around Richmond and Petersburg, Big Bethel and Dutch Gap. The nine fearful conflicts in the Chickahominy region, between the James and York Rivers,—Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness,—what spectator will ever forget them? And yet this non-combatant heard the roar of cannon and the clash of arms, and witnessed the daily havoc of fratricidal strife for more than a year. What could he do to relieve this misery?

He sought to alleviate the miseries of military prisons, and wrote to the officer in command at Fort Delaware, stating "that he did not desire him to violate known duty, but to note how far, in the discharge of that duty, he might assist his friends or the sons of his friends who were in prison." The permit in government envelope soon came, and he was able to relieve twenty-seven cases

with clothing and necessaries,—exceeding one hundred dollars in each case.

Among the prominent business men of Philadelphia, during the first half of this century, was Mr. Elihu Chauncey, second son of Judge Chauncey, of Connecticut, who was remarkably successful in business. His connection with the Bank of Pennsylvania as cashier, with the Reading Railroad during its early history, and with other internal improvements which, by his influence, were successfully carried forward to completion, will not be forgotten by those who seek for the prosperity of Philadelphia. On the death of his beloved wife, the conduct of the household and, in some measure, the management of affairs devolved on his daughter, Miss Henrietta Chauncey, who remained his constant companion till his death.

After having endured for a year, within sight of his own house, the clash of arms and the noise of war, Mr. Booth resolved to leave the Confederacy, with matrimonial intentions, previously existing, and to visit Philadelphia. To accomplish this journey in April, 1863, was no ordinary undertaking. It is a remarkable fact, that through a friendly invitation he took breakfast with President Davis, of the Confederacy, in his mansion, in company with one of the present Southern senators, and in about thirty days or less with President Lincoln, at the White House. As a non-combatant, he had conducted himself without the least equivocation, concealment, or insincerity, so that he might be able to command the confidence and consideration of both Presidents, from each of whom he obtained a permit to go on his way rejoicing. Till the day of his death he carried in his coat pocket the telegram of President Lincoln, bearing date April 27, 1863, with

his well-known signature on the back of it. Divine Providence favored his plans by enabling him to run the blockade as the protector of a highly-esteemed relative and her little children, desirous to join her husband in the West Indies. On the banks of Bermuda Island he surrendered his charge, landing safely from the ship "Cornubia," which had twenty-seven shots fired at her on a previous trip, and was captured soon after and taken into Philadelphia; but he was unmolested. A British steamer being ready, he took passage for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Judge Jackson, of Illinois, was at that time the United States Consul at Halifax. To him Mr. Booth made known the object of his visit, and his reply was,— "I am going to Washington next week and will write to you." Prior to his return the telegram from President Lincoln arrived, and, feeling secure from every kind of interruption, Mr. Booth took a British steamer touching at Halifax for Boston. From Boston he passed through New York to Philadelphia, thence to Washington, where he was greeted at the White House with the announcement that "President Lincoln would see Mr. Booth." With the President's permit he returned to Philadelphia without the slightest hindrance, where his marriage occurred in about ten days with Miss Henrietta Chauncey, the daughter of Mr. Elihu Chauncey, of Philadelphia. What a marvellous change! To be transferred from the incessant roar of cannon and the conflict of armies in daily strife in Virginia to the ease of a comfortable home on West Walnut Street, Philadelphia. His own account will explain his emotions at the joyful result. "To me, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most interesting personal occurrence during the war, is presented in the experience of that blockade expedition, embellished by interesting

incidents not to be forgotten." In the great risks which he ran at this period, and the marvellous escapes that he experienced, he saw the hand of God. He thus expressed his own feelings: "My faith, hope, and love cannot rest upon the transitory objects of this world, but extend beyond to that which is perfect, eternal, and infinite. I must have recourse to a diviner power than I find on earth to relieve me in danger or necessity. The proper object upon which my faith, hope, and love *can* rest is God alone, where they are never placed in vain or remain long unrequited." This was the basis of certain great excellences and exemplary virtues in his character, sometimes discredited by unpopular natural infirmities, the greatest of which were a hasty way of expression and the belief that innocence of heart and integrity of life would secure a man in his voyage through this world. The promise to all Christians, "To keep them in all their ways, that they dash not their feet against a stone," admits of exceptions according to God's will and pleasure.

In 1875–76, from November to February, there was a great religious revival, caused by the visit of Messrs. Dwight F. Moody and Ira T. Sankey to Philadelphia. The freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the southwest corner of Thirteenth and Markets Streets, was converted into a spacious auditorium for the religious gatherings of all classes in the population, fitted and furnished with admirable taste and great convenience for the throngs who assembled daily at three services, from November 21, 1875, to January 28, 1876. Nearly twelve thousand persons were present at the first meeting. Every day and night for seventy days these gatherings continued, and so many were unable to get access to the building that extra meetings were held simultaneously

in the Arch Street M. E. Church, First Baptist, Broad and Arch Streets, and the Tabernacle Presbyterian, Broad and Penn Square. There was no more regular attendant or earnest worker at those meetings than Edwin G. Booth. With a large edition of a tract from his own pen, entitled the "Personality of the Holy Spirit," he might be seen conversing and praying with anxious inquirers after the Cross of Christ and the Saviour who suffered thereon. Through this wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the membership of the evangelical churches in Philadelphia was increased by many thousands of converts, and the meetings were attended, as safe judges assert, by over a million of people. Eternity alone will reveal the vast accessions to the names then inscribed in the Book of Life.

In May, 1876, the great Centennial Celebration and Exposition was opened at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The signal success which attended that exhibition is too well known to require mention. But the part played by Edwin G. Booth in that exhibition will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. When the Legislature of Virginia, from various reasons, failed to provide the necessary State building for the accommodation of its citizens, Mr. Booth, influenced by a purely patriotic spirit, erected the "Old Virginia Building" among those magnificent tulip poplars, with their solid shade so grateful in the scorching sun of August, 1876. One register alone contained fifteen thousand signatures, and perhaps not one in a hundred enrolled their names. The comfort and refreshment furnished by his genial hospitality to so many applicants will ever remain as among the grateful reminiscences of that ever-memorable exhibition. The *Richmond Whig* thus spoke of him,—"Day after

day, week after week, for six months, Edwin G. Booth, unaided and alone, after a majority of the legislature had refused to participate in her Centennial, at his own expense, erected the 'Old Virginia' building, and then welcomed all, not only from this State, but all of all shades, from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the islands of the sea. He entertained them with that genial hospitality with which he receives his own guests at Nottoway. Thus has this State, in spite of her politicians, maintained an honorable place in the Centennial of the United States and of the nations, while Mr. Booth has stood as the representative man of Old Virginia." In the same strain, papers from all parts of the State, with individuals of influence in the cities and large towns, urged his nomination for Governor of Virginia by popular acclamation. In his reply to their solicitation he is prompted by patriotism and modesty to say,—"The inquiry from many friends of my native county, the esteemed companions of my youth, manhood, and maturer years, who have served me professionally, personally, and politically, and whom I have served, could only excite the tenderest appreciation, and cause a willing response to leap from my bosom at the mere idea of reviving such endearing associations."

He loved the friends of his childhood. He had grown up in the Nottoway district with such men as Governor Giles; Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a master spirit in debate; John Y. Mason, afterwards Minister to France; Hon. John Winston Jones, a lawyer of note.

In his early manhood he knew intimately—for his correspondence confirms it—such men as William Gaston and John Stanley, of North Carolina, the brilliant lights of that State at the bar and in politics. In the

class before Mr. Booth, at Chapel Hill, were Judge Pierson and Judge Manly, who was his college tutor, and the son-in-law of the orator, William Gaston. William A. Graham, twice governor, was his college mate and guest, with Judge Manly, at Philadelphia. At the Centennial, such men as General Hawley of Connecticut, General Fitz Lee, of Virginia, Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and Senator Withers, of Virginia, partook of his hospitality at the "Virginia Building." After his removal to Philadelphia, he was constantly in association with such men as Judges Strong, Woodward, and Sharswood, and among the clergy, Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. Drs. John Chambers, Zephaniah Humphrey, and Charles A. Dickey.

In one of the principal streets of Richmond, the capital of his native State, stand two finely-situated residences, which, to a casual observer, might appear to be the homes of wealthy citizens, who lived amid scenes of ease and even luxury. Lord Bacon says,—"The greatest results hang on the smallest causes." Mr. Booth never waited for great occasions to do a great service. The history of the Clifton Houses, in Richmond, and of Mr. Booth's interest in their foundation, for the "maintenance of sick, disabled, and indigent females," reflects the greatest praise on his kindness of heart and energy of purpose. On the small pivots of words and acts of a single individual swing the great events of life. Mr. Booth desired to consecrate those buildings to a noble purpose. For this he prayed and labored day by day until others were interested, and now we see the work ably carried forward by the Ladies' City Mission for Charities. That home for suffering women called forth his warmest sympathies. The lonely wanderers who

gather around that hearth will repeat his name with joy as their hearts brightened at his coming, for he created their home where they enjoy the pleasures of domestic and social life.

Mr. Booth was an ardent Christian, not only in his theology but in practical life. He could not find any order or trustworthiness in the world without a personal God to produce and regulate its affairs. To his mind the cause of all things must be an eternal and all-embracing mind. With him this was the common sense of experience, and the basis of all scientific theories. Without this faith in God, he could not even justify the experience of daily life, or explain his confidence in the uniformity and stability of worlds unknown, or give a reason for the hope that was in him. His tract on the agency of the Holy Spirit gives abundant proof of this element in his piety.

CHAPTER V.

Traits of Character.—Mr. Booth's Personal Appearance.—Force of Character.—Fervor of Piety.—His Genial Vivacity.—Good Sense.—Simplicity of Character.—Generosity and Humane Disposition.—Since the Civil War, Occasional Melancholy.—Causes.—Waste of his Nervous System.—Change of Place.—Numerous Resorts.—His Benevolence.—Who will bear the Cross?—In the Summer of 1885 he visits Virginia.—Attack of Malaria.—Relieved.—Severe Neuralgia in October.—Spinal Meningitis.—Partially Relieved.—In January confined to Bed.—Closing Scenes.—Last Utterances.—Funeral.—Dr. Dickey's Address.

In describing the life and character of a departed friend, I desire to guard against the partiality of unreserved friendship in which we lived for more than twenty years. If such a friendship is supposed to bias the judgment, it must be allowed to have enlightened it. If I attempt to describe his person or mark the shades of his character, a credible rather than an exact likeness will be the result.

Mr. Booth was above the ordinary stature, being full six feet in height. He never was fleshy, and moved with ease, elasticity, grace, and dignity. His gait, as well as his whole bearing, was that of one trained as a horseman, who might have been in camp rather than at college during early life. He had a broad, high forehead, eyebrows moderately bushy, eyes large, blue, rather grayish. His nose was prominent, slightly aquiline. His lips were firm, well chiselled, gently compressed, and the corners of his mouth usually appeared as of one bearing a benignant smile. His chin was broad and prominent, giving the aspect of solidity and firmness to

the whole countenance. His complexion in middle life was ruddy and healthful. His head was large, clothed with a moderate covering of chestnut hair. It was his eye, however, which was the striking feature in his whole countenance. Calm, mild, benevolent, outshadowing every thought, feeling, emotion of the soul without effort.

> "Throne of expression! whence his spirit's ray
> Poured forth so oft the light of mental day;
> Where fancy's fire, affection's mental beam,
> Thought, genius, passion, reigned in turn supreme."

But the native vigor of his mind, force of character, and the fervor of his piety surmounted every obstacle in the court-room, legislature, presbytery, or synod, where he rose to prominence among his contemporaries, with such men in the ministry as Hoge, Alexander, Rice, and Pryor, and with laymen like Judge Moncure, Robert E. Scott, and Conway Robinson. There was a flow of good sense, vivacity, and wit in his intercourse with others, which made him a most agreeable companion. His conversation, even when in poor health, was lively, by reason of his very general information. Every person could see that he thought for himself without supposing that he monopolized the privilege. He never forced his opinions upon friends, except as reason constituted force. No one could forget the courage he showed when warning and rebuking the skeptic. No false delicacy prevented the honest expression of doubt, and when satisfied his approval was equally hearty and decisive. He was never censorious.

He sought for knowledge from pure motives, not to erect himself above his fellow-men, or to secure his own private advantage; but he sought the possession of that

power,—the expression of the highest human knowledge, —to reign supreme over himself, to subdue his passions to his will, his will to his reason and conscience. It was the moral element which imparted force to his opinions and real excellence to his judgment. Hence, he drew others to himself in strong personal attachment. By gentleness, sympathy, and justice he made personal friends. His simplicity and directness were striking traits of his character. Affectation would have been impossible to him. In every circle and in every position he was modest and dignified, and often seemed unconscious of his own personality. Private enemies worthy of notice he had none. His friends were grappled to him with hooks of steel. Humane and generous, he loved his fellow-men. He was a helper of the poor, a friend of the friendless, and many shared his kindness who never knew whence it came. His sweetness of disposition no abuse ever embittered. He thought no evil. Hence his kind and unselfish interest in all who needed help. His generosity was only limited by his means, and was often exercised at personal inconvenience.

Since the war closed there was occasionally perceptible in him a tinge of melancholy and sadness. This was due in part to the severe and successive bereavements in his circle of friends and relatives, and the scenes of desolation which he witnessed during the war. They were the visitations of melancholy which began early in the war and followed him through life. His nervous system showed the effects of the mental strain. He felt that in consequence of the war he could not become or accomplish what he had hoped. Such phrases as the "clouded afternoon of existence," the "sun setting in clouds," the "stirring of thoughts he could not express,"

"the glimpse of plans he could not elaborate," the "consciousness of power never developed" were not infrequent to those who possessed his confidence. Yet it was a matter of thankfulness that so much cheerfulness and vivacity continued to the last. Those who have no nerves little dreamed how much grace was required to keep him in the ordinary measure of composure, while he drank freely of the cup of a Father's appointment. His business engagements required frequent journeys to different parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Virginia. Such excursions served to relieve his depression. During the summer from 1876 onward he was alternately at his country residence at Chestnut Hill, Richfield Springs, Brighton, Staten Island, Saratoga, and other well-known resorts.

As the autumn returned he was always ready for work, and always had work to do. Among the wide circle of relatives who were suffering from the civil war, many will rise up to call him blessed. Clergymen and brethren, beloved, have reason to thank God for his benevolence. Widows and orphans will never forget his benefactions. When such a soul enters heaven, how the redeemed, who shared in his sympathy and aid on earth, will delight to recognize him as one who was able to help them bear the cross while here below! If the redeemed of all ages and nations think over and rehearse to one another the history of the cross, they will remember the man, however humble and obscure, that man of Cyrene, that African, the father of Alexander and Rufus, who was copartner with Emanuel in the labor of carrying the cross to Cavalry. What must be the love which Christ bears for him in Heaven!

During the summer of 1885 it was necessary that he

should visit Southeastern Virginia. He was anxious to attend a meeting of the Presbytery as a delegate from Dr. Pryor's church. While on the James, it is supposed that he was attacked with malaria. On his return to Chestnut Hill (a suburb of Philadelphia) he was relieved by medical aid, but, as his intimate friends saw, "with his natural force somewhat abated." In the month of October, 1885, he requested his barber to trim his hair at the back part of the head, as some friends were then visiting Philadelphia from Virginia; and as he was anxious (for he always was) to show them some attention, he invited them to ride in his private carriage. While thus exposed, muscular rheumatism at the back of the neck was succeeded by inflammation of the meninges of the spinal cord. During four weeks preceding his death the writer was his attending physician, though for a month previously he had been under medical care. Within a week the severe pain at the base of the brain had ceased, and within two weeks the pain along the spinal column was relieved, so that he read his newspaper. He had the entire use of his mental powers, and thus continued till his death.

He was able to execute important legal papers and arrange all his worldly affairs. For two weeks before his departure he seemed wonderfully revived for one who was in his seventy-seventh year,—a marvel to physicians as well as laymen who saw him. Such was the vigor of his faculties, the ease of his conversation, the regularity with which he partook of food and medicines, that all would fain cherish the hope of recovery. But his advanced age, and the preceding attack of malaria, prevented his constitution from rallying under the superincumbent weight of disease, so serious in its character.

His last sickness was attended with impressive incidents. So far as he was concerned, everything was marked with calmness. About two weeks before his death he said to the writer,—"Do you think that I can possibly recover?" "If you will continue to use the remedies and nourishment we shall soon learn the result. You are now quite comfortable. Arrange your business affairs and let us wait on the Great Physician," was the reply. "I am here, dear sir, waiting upon God all the time. I am in the hands of the Lord,—a good place to be in. For the whole world I would not be anywhere else." Having received several notes of sympathy from friends at a distance, he replied,—"Tell them my reliance is alone on Christ, and has been there for half a century. My history will be, a sinner saved by marvellous grace." During this period he was distinguished for the same frankness and sincerity as ever, his words sometimes fraught with delicate reproof or still more delicate compliment. During the last week—the second in February, 1886—he said to his son, the only son and child now living, who came from Virginia to his bedside, and remained his faithful attendant till the end: "My son, so kind and attentive, you have done all a son could do for me." Then, with his usual pleasantry, as though his physician should have a compliment, he remarked,—"You are an exceedingly valuable man to have about the premises." But as his eye rested on his broken-hearted wife, he exclaimed, with deep emotion,—"I am more anxious for her future than all the rest. What will she do without me? I commend her to a covenant-keeping God, by whose blessing we have lived together so happily for nearly a quarter of a century. For myself I have no fears. For nearly half a century all my trust has

been in Jesus. Tell Dr. Pryor" (his old pastor and life-long friend in Virginia) "that I send him my love. We have been together since boyhood. My membership is almost as old as his pastorate, and my eldership in his church almost as long. Our association has always been most pleasant on earth. We shall soon be together in heaven. Give to Clara" (his only son's wife) "and the dear children my parting blessing and prayers for their welfare. Tell my cousin, Charles Cabiniss" (a refined scholar in Virginia), "that he must try to meet me in peace. Say to all the family that I am to be buried in the church-yard in Burlington, New Jersey, because I yield my preference to the wishes of my beloved wife. In the final resurrection the glorified spirits will rise to life eternal in the twinkling of an eye, and then space on earth will be of no account. It matters not where my bones rest. I feel that my dear wife, in her strong attachment to me, will be gratified if my remains are deposited in the same ground with her own." He was conscious till the last, when he repeated audibly to those who were at his bedside these lines, and fell asleep in death:

> "The clouds disperse; the light appears;
> My sins are all forgiven.
> Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
> Roll on, thou sun, fly swift my years,
> I'm on my way to heaven."

These scenes of his last illness have been thus portrayed for the benefit of survivors; not merely the large circle of friends and relatives who have expressed a desire to know the circumstances attending his sickness and death, but for the benefit of every reader who wishes to learn how a simple, childlike faith in Christ can support its possessor at the hour of death.

Mr. Booth died on Saturday, February 13, 1886. On Tuesday, a beautiful day of the following week, a large circle, containing the representatives of the oldest and best families of Philadelphia, gentlemen who have been prominent in the various professions, banks, trust companies, and mercantile life, assembled in the (capacious) rooms of the dwelling on West Walnut Street, to manifest their respect for his memory and sympathy with the afflicted household. After reading select passages from the Scriptures appropriate to the occasion, the following address commemorative of his virtues was read by Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, of which Mrs. Booth has been a member for many years, and her husband has been a regular attendant since he resided in Philadelphia.

"The Scripture that has set forth truth and comfort, as I have watched the close of this life, has been that beautiful description that Isaiah gives of God's faithful care of his own children,—'And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear. Even I will carry, and will deliver you.'

"My own faith in God's promises, in the 'truth as it is in Jesus,' in the real sustaining power of the religion of Christ, and in the reality of the things that are 'not seen,' has been greatly strengthened by my communion with this departed Christian friend, particularly as his faith and trust and childlike confidence in God have been manifested in these last days, when the hand of affliction has been laid upon him; when things temporal were fading from his view, and things eternal were pressing upon his attention. Nearly fifty years ago this life was given to Christ in faith. For more than a generation

it was dedicated to the church in the office of a ruling elder. Much as *we* have seen to admire and assure us, in this Christian life of faith, I think if we had the testimony of the friends of his earlier life, of the years of greater vigor and of more active service, if we had all the knowledge and experience of those who knew him longest and best, we would be still more assured that God, by his grace, had worked out of this life a 'strong faith that had glorified him,' and a faithful service that he will surely reward.

"Mr. Booth was conspicuous for 'strong faith.' He reverenced the word of God. He loved God's house. The church was very dear to him. The entire dependence of a sinner upon the grace and blood of Christ was a doctrine that filled his faith so full that he had no room for doubts. I never knew a Christian who put more honor upon the essential and efficacious work of the Holy Spirit. It was the constant theme of his religious conversation.

"We will remember the fruits of the Spirit as we saw them in his life. No one heard him speak other than kindly of others. He expressed his love for Christ by his 'love for the brethren.' In his own inner circle, into which it would be indelicate for me to publicly intrude, in the closest relation of his life, there was a beautiful and abiding affection, that seemed like the flower of his faith, the ornament of a faithful life. When the vine is taken down the wall trembles; when the wall is taken down the vine droops.

"Let us thank Christ for all the consolation and faith and hope that he put into this life, for the tender mercy that made his end so peaceful and so full of confidence, and let us commit to Christ's tender care and sympathy

his faithful and loving wife and all who mourn his departure, trusting that they will all, with those who have gone before, by the love and mercy of Christ, meet where they never part again."

After a suitable prayer, the exercises at the house were closed and the funeral cortege started for Laurel Hill Cemetery. There the body was temporarily entombed in a vault belonging to family relatives.

CHAPTER VI.

Change of Scene.—A Village Church.—Communion Sabbath.—An Aged Patriarch.—The Voices of Nature and of Grace.—Funeral Sermon at "Shiloh."—Text: "He was a Good Man."—Faith and Works.—"He was also Just."—The Fruits of the Spirit.—Dr. Pryor's Testimony to the Work and Worth of his Life-long Friend.—Mr. Booth's Liberality in Heart and Life.—Dr. Dickey's Letter to Dr. Pryor.—"Our Members Die Well."—Transfer to Burlington, N. J., April 13, 1886.—Sweet Immortelles —The Two Newly-made Graves.—Farewell.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning in spring—for the flowers appeared on the earth and the time of the singing of birds had come (March 21, 1886)—scores of worshippers might be seen hastening to the Shiloh Church at Nottoway Court-House, "for thither the tribes go up," as in that elder day which the Psalmist celebrated. It is "Communion Sabbath," and a large congregation are gathered to partake of the Lord's Supper. While waiting to meet the Master of the feast, their venerable and venerated pastor improves the occasion to commemorate the life and services of one who began his membership and eldership about the time that the pastor began his pastorate, fifty years ago. One of these two bosom friends whose souls—like David and Jonathan—were knit together, is already beneath the sods of the valley; the other—past fourscore—is ready, like a shock of corn gathered in its season, for the Master's summons,—"Come up higher!" As he rises in the pulpit and opens the Scriptures, the memories of a long life in the ministry flow in upon his soul. All nature is full of lessons to him. It is the hour of feeling. The touches of vernal

light, the kisses of the south wind have wakened the earth and its loving energies from their winter's slumber. These voices of Nature, so sweet, so soothing, so sacred, calm his mind as, in presence of a Saviour's memorials, he is about to speak of life, death, and the resurrection unto life. Our report of this discourse is from the columns of the *New Era*, a well-known Virginia paper.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN."

FUNERAL SERMON OF THE LATE E. G. BOOTH.

Preached in Shiloh Church, Nottoway County, Sunday, March 21, by the Rev. Dr. Pryor.

On Sunday, March 21, in Shiloh Church, the venerable Rev. Dr. Theodorick Pryor preached the funeral sermon of his life-long friend, the late E. G. Booth, Esq. A very large congregation, gathered from all parts of the surrounding country, was in attendance, and listened with deep attention to the impressive words of the speaker.

After the opening hymn was sung by the congregation, Dr. Pryor read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians. He then offered a fervent prayer, in which he referred to him whose funeral eulogy he was about to pronounce as a ruling elder in the church for a period of over forty years, and a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and as one who had entered upon that everlasting rest that remaineth to the people of God. He earnestly prayed that all in the congregation might be taught so to number their days that they would apply their hearts unto wisdom; and that, as none could know when and where they should die, they might be ready to meet our Lord

in the skies, and that they might leave behind them a bright testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

The congregation then sung the hymn commencing,—

"How blest the righteous when he dies."

Dr. Pryor announced as the text of his discourse a passage from St. Luke's Gospel, twenty-third chapter and fiftieth verse: "And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just."

Dr. Pryor also read the three verses following his text:

("The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them:) he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews; who also himself waited for the kingdom of God. This man went unto Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre, that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

He then spoke substantially as follows: These verses describe one of the most extraordinary funerals that ever occurred on this earth. The mourners were a few poor women. When the body was taken down from the cross, Joseph, the counsellor, wrapped it in linen and laid it in the tomb. The women followed and marked where it was laid, and prepared spices that they might embalm it. A very important person in the transaction recorded was Joseph of Arimathea, and I have chosen as a text for my discourse on this occasion the first verse I have read in the narrative, which records that "he was a good man, and a just."

There is a very strong propensity—even among professors of religion—to take a part of religion for the whole, to take a part of God's law and render strict obedience to that, and please God in that, and neglect other

features of the law which are quite as important. God has been pleased, in connection with his church, to ordain certain rites and ceremonies, and such are the tendencies of our natures that we lay hold of certain of these, and observe them with great punctuality and obedience, and entirely lose sight of others. There were those in our Saviour's time who cleansed the outside of the platter, who tithed mint, and anise, and cummin, but neglected to observe the weightier matters of the law. In all ages there have been those who have forgotten that religion takes hold of the inner as well as the outer man. There are two sets of errorists in the world One class comprises those persons who are seeking, by works of outward obedience, to work out a righteousness for themselves.

Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, in condemning works as the ground of righteousness, has reference to these men. The grandest argument ever formed by mortal man is that in which he declared that "by the works of the law no man shall be saved." The day for that has passed. The apostle James declares that "faith, if it hath not works is dead." Paul asserts that "without faith it is impossible to please God." There is, however, no conflict between these two inspired apostles. There is among Christians a very great tendency to underrate good works. Some not only believe, but tremble; but this alone is not enough. In connection with our faith there must be an internal change, which shall make us acceptable with God, which shall qualify us for dwelling with God. Where religion exists it makes a man a good man,—it alters his character and changes the internal man. We all come into this life with natures opposed to God. Job says, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an

unclean?" But it is the object of grace to make one who was totally depraved clean. In that remarkable interview which our Lord had with Nicodemus, the latter was informed not only that except a man be born again he could not enter the kingdom of God, but that he cannot see it; and Paul tells us that if we are in Christ we are new creatures,—a new creation. If we are in a state of nature we are not in a state of grace; if we are not in a state of grace we are yet "in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity." If a man is a true Christian, he is a good man, in his family and in the community.

The text says that not only was Joseph a good man, but he was also just. There is no greater and more fatal fallacy than for a man to think that he is a Christian when he is not just, and does not observe the Golden Rule. We may belong to any or to all the churches and not get to Heaven. What are the fruits of the Spirit? They are righteousness and true holiness. Not only is Christ's righteousness imputed to us, but is made inherent in us; and when this work is wrought on us by the Eternal Spirit, old things are passed away and all things are become new; we are now good men, however bad we may have been before. This is what the Holy Spirit by Luke says. It is not impossible for a lawyer to be a good man. Joseph was a counsellor,—a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim,—but he did not consent to the crucifixion of our Lord. He went boldly to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. All his disciples had forsaken him and fled. The good women from Galilee were looking on. Joseph was a good man, and he takes down the body and lays it in the new tomb.

By the necessity of the case I am shut up to brevity. I have chosen the story of Joseph, the counsellor of

Arimathea, because the eulogy pronounced upon him—"he was a good man"—holds good in regard to our dear friend whose funeral sermon I preach to-day, Edwin G. Booth. "He was a good man." I knew him from twelve years of age. If I knew any man well that man was Mr. Edwin G. Booth, and the dictates of my conscience bear me out in saying that "he was a good man."

About 1838, at Nottoway Court-House, he made a profession of religion. Soon after the outbreak of the war he went North and married a second time, and, as a consequence of his marriage, remained there; but he retained his connection with this church, and regularly every year he was one of the most generous of contributors to its support. He also very frequently, as a delegate, attended the sessions of the Synod, and always bore his own expenses. In everything, I think I may say, he was conscientious. His first wife told me that when he had been away from home, she always knew when he was returning; for she could hear him singing way down the lane. As far as I have reason to believe, his walk and conversation in all the relations of life were upright. "He was a good man." I never heard any person attribute to him anything like fraud, deception, maltreatment. If there was ever any reliable charge affecting his moral character brought against him, it never came to my knowledge.

There were features of his character which some people did not understand. I knew him intimately from twelve years of age, and believe him to have been almost as perfect a Christian as any man I ever knew. He preferred the Presbyterian Church, but his heart went out in love as well for the members of the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and other churches. His heart was a generous

heart. I know this, and that, while he was an amiable Christian, he based his hope of salvation on the grace of God. He struggled to do what he believed to be his Christian duty, and when he came to die he was prepared to leave this earth. I received a long letter from the pastor of the church he attended in Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Dickey, describing his peaceful and triumphant death. As he was going down the dark valley there were no doubts in his mind, but he was uplifted and sustained by the sure and certain hope he cherished.

This is the way I want all my members to die. I hope God will give me grace to die so. Mr. Wesley used to say,—speaking of the early members of Methodism called away by death,—"our members die well." When our spirits are passing from earth to the spirit world it will be fortunate for us if we shall be able to feel that all is well. Religion is well worth living for and dying for. "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," and we may so live that in our last hours we shall have an absolute guarantee that it shall be well with us in the future. When we come to die we shall each one want something better than there is in this world,—some one to be with us who will stick closer than a brother, who will walk with us through the valley and shadow of death. Jesus Christ, whom Joseph of Arimathea took down from the cross, will, in that trying moment, be with you, if you so desire, and you may sing—

> "We two are so joined,
> He'll not go to glory and leave me behind."

I hope the man who shall preach your funeral sermon will be able to bear the same testimony in your behalf that I bear in behalf of my deceased brother.

Fifty-four years ago, the coming first Sunday in May, I preached my first sermon in this church.. How many are here now that were here then? Possibly there may be one besides myself. Of those who were here then, and who cast in their lot with the people of God, and were "faithful unto death," there were none around whose minds at death dark clouds gather, but they went out of the world bearing a bright testimony to the truths of Christianity. What are we as a church doing? What are we living for? Is it to make our calling and election sure, or is it for the perishable things of this world? Are we trying to enjoy the world's fading pleasures? There is something infinitely better,—the grace of God in Jesus Christ, which will insure you a place in glory.

Dr. Pryor then referred to the fact that the members of the church were about to celebrate the communion of the Lord's Supper, saying it was a sweet Sabbath day, and he hoped it would be a day of joy to the spirits of all those who should gather about the Lord's table to celebrate that feast; he did not wish any person to leave the house, and he would be gratified if all present should remain.

The congregation then joined in singing the hymn, commencing—

"How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son."

There is at Burlington, New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware, with a beautiful outlook over the fertile valley of the river, a small cemetery of the Episcopal

Church, a peaceful and beautiful enclosure, where the last remains of some of the most distinguished families in the State and nation are reposing. Stately forms of cypresses and weeping willows indicate the spot, while the green sod above their graves is starred with daisies and violets, within sound of the murmuring river, within the limits of the city of Burlington.

In the early morning of April 13, 1886, a sad procession might be seen on its way from Philadelphia to Burlington, composed of four persons,—one of whom was carrying some sweet immortelles for the last resting-place of his friend,—that they might consign his body to the tomb. Within easy access from the high road may be seen three square, white marble tombs, which mark the remains of Mr. Elihu Chauncey, his wife, and youngest daughter. To the west of Mr. Chauncey's, and in a line with all three, are two newly-made graves, the outer of which is covered with a beautiful sarcophagus of pure white marble, on one side of which is inscribed the name of our departed friend. The other grave, which lies between Mr. Chauncey's and Mr. Booth's, is not yet occupied.

There, all that was mortal of this lawyer, legislator, and Christian philanthropist, of this friend so tender and strong, was committed to our mother earth, while his immortal spirit is now enjoying the communion of saints in the presence of his Saviour. And there, with this imperfect sketch of his life, which stretches an unbroken arch of beauty and utility, of sincerity and truth, from the valley of the James to the banks of the Delaware,—we, too, must say farewell.

APPENDIX.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."—PROV. xvii. 17.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

From the *Richmond Sentinel.*

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.

EDWIN G. BOOTH, ESQ., OF NOTTOWAY.

THE time is fast approaching when the representative men of Virginia will assemble in convention to *select* a Governor for this grand old commonwealth. We use the word "select" purposely; for whilst, theoretically, the nominee of the convention will have to undergo the forms of an election at the time appointed by law, it is well understood by all persons at all familiar with Virginia politics that a nomination by the State convention which meets in Richmond, on the 8th of August, is equivalent to an election. It is, therefore, of the first importance that they throughout the State should select their best men to represent them in the convention,—men of intelligence and ripe judgment, with souls and hearts so large that they will scorn to take part in any petty rivalry or to be influenced by personal jealousy.

This, we say, is the first duty of the people, and we are confident that the good and true men, in every quarter, will concur with us in this view. The time has not yet arrived, however, for the exercise of this duty, and until the voters are called upon to select their delegates to the convention it is incumbent upon them to "look over the

field" and consider the claims of the various candidates and aspirants. There is too much indifference among the people at large, in regard to the selection of their officers. The masses allow themselves, in many instances, to be swayed by the dicta of leaders instead of making their own preferences influential in party counsels. We hope that a different rule will prevail in the coming campaign.

The next Governor of Virginia should be a man capable of guiding the good old ship of state safely through any sea, however strong. He must possess every essential requisite for an efficient and satisfactory discharge of the important and responsible duties devolving upon him, and at the same time be able to reconcile antagonisms and harmonize conflicting interests. He must be not only "honest and capable," Mr. Jefferson's indispensable tests, but he must be a man of firmness, patriotism, and far-reaching sagacity. Seldom, if ever, has there been a time in the history of Virginia when there was more need of such a man at the helm. "Can he be found?" is the natural inquiry upon the lips of every reader. We answer, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative; and with the confident assurance that all who know him will "ratify the nomination," we name Edwin G. Booth, of Nottoway. He is the man. Were the circulation of the *Sentinel* confined merely to this and the adjacent counties, we might be excused from special remarks in respect to the eminent qualifications of Mr. Booth for the exalted position of Governor of Virginia; and in other counties, where his name is perhaps less familiar, we might leave to his old friends, who have served with him in the General Assembly, the agreeable task of making known his peculiar fitness, at this juncture, for the chief magistracy of the Old Dominion. But we cannot

refrain from saying, for the benefit of those who may not happen to know Mr. Booth, that he is a Virginia gentleman of the old school, distinguished alike for his virtue, ability, and patriotism. He is eminently conservative in his views, but is sufficiently progressive to keep "abreast of the times." There can be no doubt of his identity with Virginia, for he is one of the largest landed proprietors in the State, and is now engaged in an effort to colonize one of the southwestern counties with thrifty and industrious settlers. He is foremost among the friends of immigration into Virginia, is a steadfast advocate of general education, and has a record on the internal improvement question of which he may well be proud. Placed in the gubernatorial chair, every energy of his clear mind and every pulsation of his heart would be devoted to the advancement of Virginia, and to the resuscitation or enlargement of her varied industrial interests. He would have "no friends to reward, no enemies to punish," but only Virginia, the dear old mother of us all, to serve with undivided affection.

We hope that the convention will select Mr. Booth and, therefore, insure his election. We know that other distinguished gentlemen have strong claims and zealous friends to press them upon the attention of the convention; but we must say, in all frankness, that no one who has yet been mentioned in connection with the office of Governor seems so free from objection as Edwin G. Booth.

From the *Richmond Whig.*

EDWIN G. BOOTH HER REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Now that the great National Centennial Exhibition is ended, and will henceforth take its place in history as the grandest display of human industry and of international comity that the world has ever beheld, the intelligent and reflecting visitor from Virginia cannot help asking himself, What part did the sons and daughters of the glorious old Commonwealth take in achieving the admitted success of this wonderful celebration of a grand historic event, in which she led one hundred years ago?

As a State, Virginia, for reasons satisfactory to a majority of her law-makers at the time, and which it were idle now to discuss, refused to participate in the celebration. Of the impolicy of her course there is, perhaps, no difference of opinion among the many thousands of Virginians who have visited Philadelphia during the last six months. As an offset to the chagrin felt by so many of our people that the State had failed to avail itself of such an opportunity of inviting the skill and capital of all nations to come and help us to regain our former leading position, there was a thrill of pleasure awakened in every liberal mind in contemplating the generous and patriotic effort of one whole-souled Virginian, who, unaided and alone, gave the State an honorable position among her sisters and in the eyes of foreigners. What Virginian ever left the Centennial grounds without feeling and saying, "God bless you!" to Edwin G. Booth, who, at his own expense and in the face of many difficulties, erected an "Old Virginia Building" in the choicest spot of all the Park, and for six months not only welcomed all Virginians, but all who sought its cooling

shades, whether from Europe, Asia, Africa, or the islands of the sea, and entertained them with that unostentatious, genial hospitality which he would have extended to guests at his home in Nottoway? Here, day after day, and week after week, till half a year has rolled away, Mr. Booth has stood the representative man of his loved "Old Virginia," and making all feel that the State, in spite of her politicians, had indeed an honored and an honorable place at the Centennial assemblage of the *United* States and of the nations.

Because of his being in part a citizen of Philadelphia, he was enabled to sustain the reputation of Virginia by his large-hearted generosity in doing, as a citizen, what her legislature—though I will not say with what kind of feeling—failed to do, to wit: To erect upon the Centennial grounds a house at which her citizens never failed to assemble to pay their respects to him, of whose character they had cause to be proud and to exchange congratulations. There, too, assembled many of the best people from every part of our extended country, and distinguished foreigners, to greet him as Virginia's representative. I am well assured that no one of our many distinguished sons would be welcomed more heartily as the Governor of Virginia, not only by our people at home, but by the thousands beyond the limits of the State, who made his acquaintance at Philadelphia.

From a Southern Review.

In a leading Southern Review for March, 1886, we find this admirable tribute, written by a Virginian of distinction, who signs his initials W. C. K., well known in Southeastern Virginia as a lawyer and agriculturist. He writes thus of his life-long friend: "Mr. Booth and

myself were united as founders of the State Agricultural Society. He was a citizen who would do honor to any community; always showing the deepest interest in the public welfare, and never failing to vote at every election for the man whom he believed fitted to fill the position. Our pathways were almost the same, living in the same county, educated as lawyers, and interested in agriculture. Mr. Booth was a devoted friend and active member of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society. His loss will be severely felt in the Society, for he availed himself of every opportunity to aid its welfare, so vital to the interests of Virginia. His philanthropic efforts in behalf of prisoners during the earlier years of the civil war are worthy of all commendation. Being disqualified by age from military service, he accomplished more for destitute families than if he had been in service, by supplying their wants. He was always ready to assist those who had been imposed upon, to minister to the suffering when in his power, and to help those in need. His unostentatious hospitality at the Virginia House during the Centennial Exhibition, when he extended a hearty welcome, at his own private expense, daily at two P.M. for six months, with a simple free lunch, consisting of cheese and crackers, sweet cakes, lemonade, and claret punch to tens of thousands during the sultry heat of that summer, will never be forgotten. He realized 'that it was more blessed to give than to receive.' For fifty years I never knew him to utter an unkind word or entertain an unkind thought.

"As a friend he was faithful unto death, and as kind as the demands on his friendship were great. As a father he was always affectionate and firm. His life impressed itself on his children, and they revered his counsels. He

has left them, beside his estate, the best legacy—a good name. As a Christian, he manifested traits which convinced us of the power of religion. Though naturally impulsive, of excitable nature, of strong feelings, they were controlled by divine grace. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he was, indeed, a witness for Christ, ready to let his light shine and to go to the stake in defence of the truth. At the Centennial he secured a small portion of one of the white oak timbers, from which a cane was made, headed with the American eagle in ivory, affixed by a broad gold band, with the letters E. G. B. to W. C. K., and presented it to me, whose great-grandfather is in an oil-painting on the walls of Independence Hall."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very kind letter, asking us to go to your Virginia home and make a visit, came duly to hand.

Mrs. Randall and I greatly appreciate your proffered hospitality. Receive our sincerest thanks. I cannot accept, but I am none the less obliged.

I am better, but not well.

Truly,

SAM. J. RANDALL.

E. G. BOOTH, ESQ.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
HONG KONG, February 23, 1886.

MR. E. G. BOOTH,
Philadelphia.

MY DEAR SIR,—My friend and neighbor, Mr. E. R. Belilros, will hand you this letter. He is one of the most prosperous merchants and prominent citizens of this go-ahead colony. He wishes to visit Philadelphia during his tour, and I hope you may be able to extend to him such courtesy and attention as will make his visit pleasant.

Any service you may render him will be fully appreciated by

Your friend,
R. E. WITHERS,
U. S. Consul.

VOICES OF FRIENDS.

BUENA VISTA, ALA., February 22, 1886.

DR. EDWIN G. BOOTH:

MY DEAR SIR,—I truly sympathize with you at the loss of my old and esteemed friend, your dear father. I was prepared for the worst, for as far back as when you were last here his health was failing. I feel the loss very much, as but few of my old friends remain. Nearly all in Alabama gone.

We have had a very cold winter. To-day is fair and fine out-doors.

With best regards to you and family,
I remain, very truly,
GEO. P. TAYLOR.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, March 4, 1886.

MRS. H. C. BOOTH,

1526 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—Among your many friends there is no one who sympathizes with you more truly in your own great sorrow than I do.

Your beloved husband was a friend of mine for more than forty years. While a member of the General Assembly of Virginia from the County of Nottoway, he always gave me his confidence and his vote, in my effort to build up the Virginia Institute; and in later years, when our buildings had been destroyed during the war and I was afterwards trying to rebuild them, he gave me his cordial co-operation, and you hold now five thousand dollars of the V. I. bonds as evidences of his and your interest in my work. But for this support I should have failed in what I was trying to do.

You have great comfort in knowing that his heart had been fully given to God; and in his life and in his death you have the assurance that all is well with him. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you at your home, in March, 1884, God has taken from me my beloved wife, after a happy union of nearly fifty years. I think I sent you a volume of her poems. If not, I will send you a copy. It contains her likeness. I have a photo. of Mr. Booth and yourself, which he kindly sent me.

And now, with my cordial regard and sympathy, I remain very truly your friend,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, February 25, 1886.

DR. EDWIN G. BOOTH:

DEAR DR. BOOTH,—I would not claim your attention again at such a time, but cannot refrain from thanking you

for your kindness in sending me that most interesting obituary—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, February 15, 1886—notice of your honored father. If he had done nothing else than build that Old Virginia House at the Centennial, it would insure his name being held in tender remembrance by every true Virginian. How beautiful was that last testimony your father gave to the brightening realities of a Christian faith! You have much to comfort you. With kindest regards for yourself, Mrs. Booth, and your son Edwin,

Sincerely your friend,

M. S. SMITH.

GILES COUNTY, VIRGINIA, March 2, 1886.

DR. EDWIN G. BOOTH:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have delayed longer than I ought to have done, offering our sympathies for your bereavement in the death of your father, for whom I ever had the highest regard and respect. We had been fond friends for more than forty years. I was much pleased to see such flattering *notices* to his memory,—*justly so, indeed; true.* I have known few *men* who have done more acts of *charity* and deeds of *friendship* than he did, during his long and *useful* life. It ought to be a very great comfort to *you* that a *parent* should leave a name to be spoken of in terms of admiration by all who knew him.

Your cousin unites in very kind regards to yourself and family.

Truly your friend,

WILLIAM EGGLESTON.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, 2, 19, '86.

MRS. EDWIN G. BOOTH:

MY DEAR MADAM,—Opening one of our three county papers yesterday morning, the *Spectator*, my eye caught sight of the smaller of the two enclosed paragraphs. The other I cut out of a Lynchburg, Virginia, paper later in the day. When I saw a paragraph a month ago, perhaps, in the Richmond *Dispatch*, that mentioned his first attack, I had my fears, although it stated he had rallied. So, on last evening a week ago, on the Long Meadows, near Fishersville, where my last letter to him was written, a relative said to me, "Cousin Marshall, I saw a late paper,—I think the Richmond *State*, of last Monday,—in which I read that he had relapsed, and that his son was telegraphed for." The paper had been given to my son, with others. So I was to some extent prepared for the sad news.

On Monday morning, going into Richmond with General Wickham, whose guest I had been for some days, and intending to leave the city in the evening, I called at the St. Charles, to hear from him through the Callihans, when Mrs. C., immediately on my exchanging salutations, and before I could ask her, inquired of me, with much interest, "when I had heard from Mr. Booth," as also did her husband a few minutes after. They had no later information than that referred to in the *State*, of Richmond.

I am a careful reader of the *Dispatch*, and do not think, had it mentioned his death, that I could have overlooked it, and yet my eye met it on yesterday morning for the first time. Alas! however, in the course of the lengthening years, we must expect the severance of the closest and dearest ties. Yet there is a sad, sad

shock to the survivors, and we can't nerve ourselves against it. To *you*, my dear madam, I can well picture to myself the weight and power of that blow that severs the closest tie we recognize here. And this, too, when, because of your feeble health for years, you scarcely regarded it as possible that he would be called to precede you to the spirit land.

When I, now midway in my seventieth year, look back to December, 1848, when we first met in Richmond as members of that session of the Legislature of Virginia, and because of the awful visitation of the cholera in the memorable spring of 1849, were driven from Richmond to Warrenton Springs, to revise the "Code" of Virginia, down to our last meeting, the chain of friendship between us was never for a moment otherwise than bright.

Now that the grave has closed over the remains of one in whose bosom pulsated a heart ever warm and affectionate, pardon me for asking the privilege of uniting with you in mourning the loss of one of the nearest and most esteemed friends I have ever claimed.

With the offer of my sincerest sympathy, I am, my dear madam,

Truly yours,

J. MARSHALL MCCUE.

108 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, February 24, 1886.

MRS. BOOTH:

DEAR MADAM,—At the regular meeting of the Richmond City Mission, held Saturday, February 20, the ladies were informed of the death of your honored husband, and while we hesitate lest we intrude upon your grief, we cannot forbear assuring you of our sincere

and heartfelt sympathy for you in this time of great sorrow.

Though comparatively few of our number had the privilege of Mr. Booth's acquaintance and friendship, his kind and noble acts were known to all, and we mourn the loss of a true friend, whose faithful services and unvarying courtesy gained for him a place in our hearts and memories.

He ever manifested the greatest interest in the City Mission, and not only in words, but in generous deeds, proved the warm feelings of his heart for the work in which we are engaged. You may not know that the house in which we carry on our mission work we have used for nearly two years rent free, and that for this we are indebted to your good husband.

The upper part of the house is occupied by three old persons, who have been for many months comfortably sheltered through the liberality of their kind benefactor, for whom they now grieve. But for *him* how glorious the exchange, how blessed the rest upon which he has entered!

Having faithfully served the Master he so loved, having "kept the faith" and "finished his earthly course," he now "rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

Again, dear madam, let me assure you of the warm sympathy of the ladies of the Richmond City Mission. We pray God to bless and comfort you. He is ever "touched" with our infirmities, and unto Him we earnestly commend you.

Very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN ADDISON,

Secretary R. C. M.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, February 15, 1886.

MRS. BOOTH:

DEAR MADAM,—When a good man goes, all good men left behind deplore the event; those, whose life-long friend that good man was, especially deplore it.

In Mr. Booth I lose a friend of forty years' standing. In sadness and sorrow I received the tidings that the grave has closed over him; that no more forever, in this world, am I to feel the grasp of his friendly hand; to hear his kindly voice.

I offer you my sincere condolence.

As this morning, on the way to this city, I passed near that grove to which he was wont to turn with so much interest, and where his broad hospitality was dispensed, I caught myself lamenting that the doors of the home it shades were closed to open no more to that warm hand, which grasped the coming and blessed the parting guest. But, madam, let us turn away from the scenes of this world and, looking above, strive so to live as to go where he has gone; that our reunion may be where Heaven will be home and eternity the lifetime.

I am, madam,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES ALFRED JONES.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, February 16, 1886.

DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—We have heard the sad intelligence of Mr. Booth's death with profound sorrow, and both my son and I desire to express to you our sincere sympathy in your heavy bereavement.

Our newspapers throughout the State have paid tributes to his worth and virtues, and it is a pleasure to know that he was esteemed and beloved by his country-

men. We doubt not but that he has gone to a better world.

Sincerely and truly yours,

R. H. BAKER.

SHAWSVILLE P. O., "MADISON," MONTGOMERY COUNTY, VIRGINIA, February 15, 1886.

My sympathy is deep and sincere in your great bereavement, my dear Mrs. Booth. The announcement of your dear and excellent husband's death, in our newspaper to-day, was a shock and surprise to me. I had last seen him well, though sorrow-stricken, a short time before I came up to the mountains to make a long visit to my daughter. Of late the deaths among those I have known and valued have come, "not singly but in battalions." If all were as well prepared for the change to another world as I think was Mr. Booth, their future happiness would seem secure.

I hope, dear Mrs. Booth, that strength will be given you to bear your loss, and commending you to our Heavenly Father's gentle care, I remain,

Your friend,

Most truly and affectionately,

JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

NOTTOWAY C. H., VIRGINIA, February 16, 1886.

MRS. E. G. BOOTH:

MY DEAR MRS. BOOTH,—Please accept assurance of my profound sympathy and tender condolence. Mr. Booth was one of my oldest and truest friends. For forty-seven years he was an earnest and consistent member of the church of which I am pastor. His removal by death inflicts upon the church a most serious loss. We all esteemed and loved him. As a ruling elder, he

often represented the church in Presbytery and Synod. We greatly lament his death. But it is the Lord; let him do "what seemeth him good." I do not entertain the shadow of a doubt as to his present joy and felicity in the presence of the Lord. May God bless, comfort, and sustain you, and by his grace prepare you to meet your departed husband in glory.

Yours in Christian affection,

THEOD. PRYOR.

P.S.—I expect to preach the funeral sermon of Mr. Booth at Shiloh, on the third Sunday in March.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN,—AND A JUST."

How fair and how lovely it is to behold
The sun in its splendor approaching the west!
Its race is near run, and refulgent as gold,
It glides through the ether as hastening to rest.

It sinks,—but in sinking 'tis only to rise,
Its splendor and glory afresh to display;
It sets,—but in other and far distant skies
It rises and reigns in the brightness of day.

Yet far more resplendent than this is the scene
Of the good man approaching the confines of time;
All loving, all peaceful, all calm and serene,
He passes away with a brightness sublime.

He dies,—but no pencil can ever display
The splendor and glory that burst on his sight,
As guided by angels he speeds on his way,
Through the portals of praise to the temple of light.

D.